

# THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVM OMNIA  
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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REAL TURTLE SOUP FOR A FIJI BANQUET.

(Photo sent by Fr. Guinard.)



## THE FIELD AFAR

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### OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY:

MARYKNOLL: OSSINING P. O., N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society. Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh.

Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

**THERE** is no more practical way for a Catholic to express devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus than to co-operate with the Church in soul-saving.

*May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be everywhere loved!*

Some of us make endless ejaculations and we do so with much unction. Approved ejaculations are all good; they are useful and

acceptable to God. But their value increases in proportion as we realize what we are saying and live up to our expressed desires.

*What is the average American Catholic doing to make the Sacred Heart of Jesus everywhere loved?*

What are you doing to make known the world-wide Heart of Our Saviour? Oh, we know that you are leading a respectable life. You go to Mass and to the Sacraments regularly; you are honest in your dealings with others; your family relations and responsibilities are all that they should be; your pastor never classes you among the give-nothings. But have you any marked desire to save souls?

*What shall it profit, my brethren, if a man say he hath faith, but hath not works? Shall faith be able to save him? And if a brother be naked and want daily food, and one of you say: Go in peace, be you warmed and filled; yet give not those things that are necessary for the body, what shall it profit?—St. James II.*

A thousand millions of souls wait at this moment for the revelation of Jesus Christ. They hunger for bread and there is none to break it to them. Prayers, alms, priests, brothers, and nuns,—all are lacking, and the grace of the Holy Ghost awaits only the co-operation of stay-at-home Catholics.

The Gospel must be preached by men. The angels have other duties.

**A Perpetual Associate Membership—applied to the living or to the dead—may be secured on payment of fifty dollars. The spiritual advantages are numerous and will be fully explained on application.**

**THE Catholic Transcript**, of Hartford, Conn., recently had a thoughtful editorial—and the editorials of that excellent paper are always such—on *Missionary*

*Zeal*. It paid a tribute to Protestant generosity as evidenced by the latest reports of their several missionary societies, noting that they contributed sixty-eight million dollars last year for the spread of the Gospel in foreign lands and among the less favored people of our own country.

"They are more wealthy than we are," says the *Transcript* Editor, "but if we could give a dime where they give a dollar, our annual contribution to missionary work would be considerably in excess of \$1,500,000."

"We must think of those who are without and must sacrifice something for the welfare of their immortal souls.....Our missionaries do not look for temporal reward, but what they do expect is that their co-religionists supply them with those things that are absolutely necessary for a prosecution of the divine work."

\* \*

**WHEN** will the K. of C. have a building in Hongkong or Tokyo? This question, which we asked not long ago, has awakened the interest of a missionary in Tientsin, China, who sets forth the claims of his city as a desirable centre and adds:

Do you know that we have our Chinese K. of C.? It is called U. C. C. A.—Union for Chinese Catholic Action. It was born in Tientsin almost three years ago and the first National Congress was held here in October, 1914. The Union now exists in more than twenty vicariates.

On the subject of the American Indemnity Fund, our correspondent writes:

This fund is administered by the international banking corporation. It belongs to the Chinese Government and I have been told that no distinction is made with regard to Catholics, Protestants, or non-believers.

The training for the studies in America is given in the Ching Hwa College, a government school, where admission is by competitive examination. Only graduates of this college—and those the ones of highest rank—are sent to America. The institution is not under any religious body, but as a matter of fact, the teachers were selected for the Government by the Y.

M. C. A. and are all Protestants, and active Protestants. There is no Protestant teaching in the class-room, but outside many of the instructors have Bible classes. The influence and tendencies are all Protestant.

\* \*

It is good to feel that the crowd is with you when you are plodding slowly on. It helps you to keep smiling when you know that the Christian world is praying hard for your success. There is comfort in numbers, and the assurance that the great bulk of Christendom is working hand to hand with you, lifts most of the weight from your shoulders.

In our corner on the Knoll, we get moments of real joy—and many a missionary must experience similar feelings—when during the reading of the breviary or missal, little prayers flash up, calling heathendom to praise the Lord, or urging all the utmost bounds of the earth to glorify His Name, or simply saying: "May Thy Kingdom come!"

Do you ever remark the mission prayers you say frequently? The "Our Father," the "Laudate" sung at Benediction, the prayers at Mass, and the last Gospel are but the commonest of them. Naturally we have been keen to see the world-wide heart of the Church in all her prayers. But try it yourself and you will be surprised to find how insistent she is on the thought that all the world must soon adore our God. The liturgy of the Church dwells daily on the mission cause, and from three hundred million souls the mighty ocean of petition pleads the extension of God's Kingdom.

The missionary is not alone; we on the Knoll are not alone. The largest army in the world is strengthening our hands. If it suffices that two or three be gathered in His Name, what power has "Thy Kingdom come" when said by millions daily? We shall never know how many heathen are saved by the hearty prayers of some simple souls, but there is great comfort in the fact.



**T**HE Spirit breatheth where He will. How little we who look on the surface of things, realize the tremendous, silent force below! Too rarely do we think of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, Whom the Son of God, ascending into Heaven, sent to animate and preserve His newly-established Church.

Christ willed that *all* should be saved. The Holy Ghost would, if men's hatred, jealousies, and indifference did not prevent, breathe the life of Heaven into the soul of every man.

The Holy Ghost, then, must love any work that aims at the salvation of souls, and loving such a work, He must inspire and strengthen it. Yet God waits for our petitions.

The work for which THE FIELD AFAR stands—the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America—needs petitioners. We suggest, therefore, to those among our readers who realize how much can be effected in this way, that they say for our intentions, occasionally at least, a prayer to the Holy Ghost.

\* \*

**S**CHOOL-DAYS nearly over—then vacation—and after that, what?

You open-faced, bright-eyed Catholic boy, ready for sport at the drop of a hat, yet with an ear to your mother's call, have you ever asked yourself the question, "Shall I be a priest?" Perhaps God wants you to be one of His harvesters and you don't know it, because you never think to ask Him what He wishes you to do with your life. Say your prayers, then, to find out, and—who can tell?—one of these fine days may see you at Maryknoll, while some years later you will be crossing the ocean in search of souls for whom Jesus Christ died.

### The Spirit of the Apostle.

[Fr. Donnelly, S.J., up at the Novitiate of St. Andrew-on-Hudson, thinks of us often. Every year he asks the students of his class to write a song and this year the subject suggested was "Maryknoll." Fr. Donnelly has kindly sent us some of the verses produced, from which we have selected the following for publication.]

There's a wideness in our working,  
Like the wideness of the sea;  
There's a spirit in us lurking,  
Which makes light our drudgery.

'Tis the spirit of the fighter  
For our mission fields afar,  
None too distant to make brighter,  
Not a land shall we debar.

Hark! the signal has been given,  
Forth for Jesus now to fight,  
Forth for Mary, Queen of Heaven,  
For our faith and for the right.

Forms of foes are round us trooping,  
Like the savage beasts of prey;  
Yet we are not crushed nor drooping,  
Christ, our Captain, leads the way.

With our song we keep on cheering,  
Till our help from Heaven descends;  
And the Cross of Christ we're rearing,  
O'er the world's most distant ends.

We will lift our eyes to Jesus,  
Christian warriors that we are;  
Courage! for our Mother sees us  
Dying on the fields afar.

On the fields afar forever,  
We will fight for truth and right;  
Jesus, help our weak endeavor,  
Mary, guide us with thy light.  
S. A. BOYLE, S.J.

**Spiritual Advantages of Associate Membership, Perpetual or Yearly, for the Living or the Dead.**

*From our Seminary:*

One hundred and fifty Masses a year.  
A share in the daily prayers and labors of all engaged in this work.  
Communions and rosaries every Friday from our two communities.

*From our Benefactors:*

Some thousands of Communions offered monthly and of rosaries offered weekly in America and Europe for our Seminary and its benefactors.

*From Missioners in the Field:*

Two hundred Masses yearly. Frequent Communions and prayers of their faithful flocks.

### Items of Interest.

OVER the door of the Foreign Mission Seminary at Roosendaal, Holland, are these words of St. Francis Xavier:

*Missionarii, patria vestra est Christi Dei Ecclesia. (Missioners, your fatherland is the Church of Christ the Lord.)*

The difference between the heathen of this country and those in our foreign missions is that our heathen countrymen have no religion and desire none, while the foreigners have some religion and many among them would welcome a better one if they knew it.

Fifty-seven students in residence and plenty of applications for next year—this is the good word that comes to us from Tilburg, Mill Hill's new apostolic school in Holland. More recruits still to you, Dr. Ahaus! Holland and other neutrals must supply the awful void in the ranks of Catholic missionaries.

We are late, but we hope not too late, to congratulate the *Catholic World*, our dignified elder brother who has recently celebrated his golden jubilee. THE FIELD AFAR is a youngster and somewhat flippant occasionally, but our big brother condescendingly lets us use his printing-presses and never scolds, even when we annoy him. So we wish him well. When THE FIELD AFAR is fifty, may the big brother be ninety-one and ready for a new lease of life!

Both organizers of the Seminary at Maryknoll were trained under Sulpician influences, and both count among these self-concealed and sterling priests, warm and devoted friends. But there is no priest in this country who knew at all intimately the late Fr. Chapon, of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, who did not feel towards him a special, reverent affection.

His was a crystal soul, into whose depths it was possible always to see. Absolutely sincere and scrupulously exact, he was a child in his appreciation of little pleasures, yet under trial strong with the strength of the diamond. The Kingdom of Christ was his fatherland and his judgments were unfailingly impartial.



FATHER PETER PAUL CHAPON, S.S.,  
whose memory is held in benediction by  
hundreds of American priests.

Fr. Chapon unconsciously drew priests to him, as innocent children attract us, and could we at Maryknoll have had him with our aspirants for even one short year, we should have counted ourselves fortunate indeed. He did pay us a visit last summer, remaining overnight and evidently relishing

his experience, which to us is a precious memory.

Through the kindness of a friend we have received the photograph which we publish in this issue. Would that we could perpetuate at Maryknoll the memory of the saintly priest, Peter Paul Chapon!

The Sodality of St. Peter Claver, whose foundress, the Countess Ledochowski, is still alive, has proved a real gift of God to the struggling missions of Africa.

Lately this Sodality has established American headquarters in St. Louis. Its first office was opened March 8 and already there is promise of a goodly harvest. Fr. Donovan, C.M., of the Kenrick Seminary, who is deeply interested in this movement writes:

I think we are unique in this, that we stand in a fair way of opening a large field among the foreign nationalities, especially among the Slavic peoples, in addition to our purely diocesan resources. Already we are sending out press notices in four languages, English, German, Polish, and Bohemian.

I believe with you that the Orient beckons America in a very special way, yet at the same time I think it is highly becoming that at least one great centre of activity in America be developed in favor of Africa, both as a help in creating the right general conditions for the evangelization of the blacks at home and also as a reparation to the negro-race for the wrongs inflicted upon it by our own America.

And somehow or other, I am persuaded that Countess Ledochowski has started a new line of development in the Church's mission life by her specialization, and has succeeded, without ever intending to, in giving a stimulus to mission propaganda generally. She has planted in a virgin soil to a large extent, a soil whose existence the Propagation of the Faith either had:

not suspected or was not in a position to reach. Then there seemed a tendency to overlook poor Africa in an effort to win the more interesting peoples of the East. Anyhow, the rise of the Sodality appears providential.

I must say that everything connected with the introduction of the work into St. Louis has been in keeping with the special guidance that has thus far characterized the Sodality's history. No one has pushed the work, but the work has pushed a number of us who two years ago no more foresaw the present status of things than we did our own glorification. Moreover, the responses met with are assuring; they indicate latent mission zeal, they indicate that the Rome of the West won't be a whit behind any part of the country in missionary endeavor, once she begins reflecting on her obligations.

I was going to remark that the mere fact that a woman like Countess Ledochowski can be practically unknown to the American Catholic public, is an index of how far short our press comes of being truly exponential of the Church's general interests. It is but another phase of the complaint against the reluctance of our Catholic editors to give the missions editorial mention. One who has grown to appreciate real supernatural perspective by long contact with the missions, must feel as if he were moving amid Lilliputian surroundings in his excursions through "press" stretches of country. But another ten years will see the movement triumphantly sweeping away the last vestiges of localism and America in a fair way of becoming the greatest of missionary nations.

#### \* \* Recent Publications.

OUR *Thoughts from Modern Martyrs* has had a run and is out of print. It was a dainty little volume and attracted attention recently as a premium book for schools. We shall not bring out a new edition this season.

*Missal Gems* is a helpful little book of Mass prayers, prepared by Rev. Joseph O'Reilly, "for children, small and large." The booklet sells for five cents a copy and a considerable reduction is made on quantity orders.

The National Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith has issued a timely pamphlet called *Echoes of the War*. It is made up of letters from missionaries in every corner of the globe and gives telling evidence of

the critical situation which exists to-day in the mission world as a result of the European war. The pamphlet will be mailed free on application to the Rt. Rev. Joseph Freri, 627 Lexington Ave., New York City.

*The Little Missionary* introduces itself to us as "a messenger of the Child Jesus," whose purpose is "to imbue the minds and hearts of the children with the missionary spirit."

That we welcome such a magazine goes without saying, and that it is calculated to interest our boys and girls will be granted by any one who looks over its interesting articles and well-chosen illustrations. We wish the paper a hearty Godspeed.

*The Little Missionary* is published by the Society of the Divine Word, at Techny, Ill. The subscription price is twenty-five cents a year, or twenty cents on quantity orders of at least twenty-five.

*The Voice*, published at Rangoon, Burma, in a review of 1914 contemplates with alarm the awful inroads made by the war on our missionary army, with so many priests and students gone to the front, "some never to return, others injured for life." "The heart bleeds at the vision," it says. "It breaks down before the vista of the needs, not so much of the missionaries as of the thousands of souls crying for the bread of life, with no one to break it to them." And the Editor adds, what too rarely occurs to our American Catholic editors:

*Will America fill the gap with apostolic laborers of her own? We hope so. The neutrality of Americans in the present strife would perhaps make them more acceptable to the conquered.*

Fr. Remler, C. M., of St. Louis (Kenrick Seminary), has a thoughtful little book on *Supernatural Merit*. Under the heading—"Spiritual Works of Mercy"—he writes:

You can become a member of missionary societies at home and abroad.



*The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America* was organized to spread the missionary spirit and to provide in this country a National Seminary for the training of priests to labor among the heathen in foreign lands.

It was approved by the Archbishops assembled in Council at Washington, April 27, 1911, on which occasion they instructed the organizers to proceed to Rome and secure necessary authorization from the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda.

The organizers, two priests born and reared in the United States, were cordially received at Propaganda and on June 29, 1911, were instructed to begin their work.

In October of the same year it was decided that they should establish their centre within the confines of the Archdiocese of New York. They settled temporarily at Hawthorne, in December, 1911, and moved to their permanent home at Maryknoll, near Ossining, N. Y., about thirty miles from the Metropolis, in September, 1912. The Seminary opened a few days later with six students, two for Theology and four for Philosophy.

In September, 1913, a preparatory school was opened for students ready to enter a high school course.

THE FIELD AFAR is the organ of the Society and is published at the Seminary.

Further information will be gladly sent to any inquirer. Address:

The Very Rev. Superior,  
Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary,  
Ossining, N. Y.

.....If you are blessed with the goods of this world, you can do a highly meritorious work by aiding poor youths who are preparing for the priesthood, either by establishing a bursary in some seminary, or by helping in other ways to defray the expenses inseparable from the training of young priests. In return, you will share for all eternity the fruits of their pastoral labors, and one of the ingredients of your happiness in heaven will be the consciousness that many of the elect owe their salvation to your charity.

And if you love the Church and have her interests at heart, you will never cease praying for the following intentions: the welfare, freedom, and spread of the Church; the success of missions at home and abroad; the conversion of sinners, heretics, and pagans; the increase of vocations to the priestly state; the growth and development of religious communities; the sanctification of the clergy; in one word, for the fulfillment of the petition: "Thy Kingdom come!"



**A**CKNOWLEDGMENT is due to the following missionaries for letters received since our last issue:

**AFRICA—**

Fr. Arnold Witlox, Kakamega; Fr. P. Rogan, Mumias; Fr. Kerkhaff, Nagalama; Fr. Röttgering, Nyenga.

**CHINA—**

Bishop Van Aertselaer, Si-wan-dze; Fr. Morel, Palakai; Fr. Andrew McArdle, Hu-Chow; Fr. Planchet, Pekin; Fr. Morel, Tientsin; Fr. Joseph Ouang, Ping-hu; Fr. Eusebius Bengoa, Hankow; Sr. O'Sullivan, Shanghai.

**INDIA—**

Bishop Chapuis, Kumbakonam; Fr. Antoine, Karikal; Fr. Ambrose, Mula-gumudu; Fr. Simon Stock, Kankanady; Fr. Joseph D'Souza, Mattigiri; Fr. John Joseph, Puttempally; Fr. Kambam, Guntur; Fr. Alfred Huctin, Ilavai; Fr. Mignot, Nyaunglebin.

**INDO-CHINA—**

Fr. Tour, Lang-Song.

**JAPAN—**

Fr. Marie, Hiroshima.

**OCEANIA—**

Brother Joseph Dutton, Molokai.

**PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—**

Bishop Foley, Tuguegarao; Fr. Lawrence Rogan, Iloilo.

We are grateful for letters and photographs from:

**CHINA—**

Sr. Catherine Buschman, Pekin.

**INDO-CHINA—**

V. Rev. Fr. Cothonay, Lang-Song.

**JAPAN—**

Fr. Veillon, Hisakajima.

We are grateful to Bishop Ees-termans, of Lahore, India, for an interesting curio—the skin of a snow-wolf.

*Sapporo* is the name of a new Prefecture-Apostolic which has been formed from the northern part of the diocese of Hakodate. It has been entrusted to the Franciscan Fathers.

*Aloha* is the Hawaiian greeting that comes to us from Brother Joseph Dutton, of the leper settlement at Kalawao. It is a rare treat to get a letter from this busy apostle, but space permits us to publish only a part of his com-

munication. The extract that follows will give an idea of the isolation to which Brother Dutton has exiled himself in his devoted service of the lepers:

We are visited every two years by members of the legislature and other officials. When newspaper reporters are allowed to come along, they are sure to write accounts of the work. These are, in the main, pretty accurate, but their stay is brief and therefore the matter published naturally has some errors.

The visit every two years is the only occasion when the settlement is looked over by those not regularly connected with its operation (such as board of health officials), except in rare instances for a special reason, as for scientific investigation. One sort of visit, however, can be made at any time. A relative of a leper can come on the weekly steamer, but only to the landing, where provision is made for meeting and talking at such a distance that there is no chance of contact.

The chief reason why newspaper accounts cannot show very closely the ordinary daily life, is that such life is not much in evidence on visiting days. The condition is somewhat like that in country towns when the circus comes. Of course the helpless lepers are in bed as usual, but the majority of our visiting friends do not go into the houses much; in fact, it is not encouraged.

I have not been away from the yard of our Baldwin Home since April 15, 1893.

**CHINA.**

Sr. Catherine Buschman, who, as our readers will remember, is a native of Baltimore, writes from Pekin:

The pagans believe that this year a prophecy will be fulfilled that says: *Jen chu Jen* (men will eat one another). The misery is very great and in some districts people are actually starving. If the inundations destroy the crops, as they have done for several years past, conditions will be terrible.

Nearly all the French and English reservists have gone to the war and we shall have Indian and Annamite troops to take their place. May God in His mercy spare poor China, and may peace reign in the world!

Missionary scouts—this is what our friend, Fr. Wilfrid Hallam, over in Chefoo, China, calls catechists. He says:

They are truly missionary scouts, who sound and prepare the ground for

Subscribers can benefit themselves spiritually and the Foreign Mission Seminary materially, by adding fifty cents to an Ordinary Subscription, and thus becoming Associates in our work. Many have already done this.

the priest and whose place they take in great measure. They instruct the catechumens, settle local difficulties, preach to the pagans, baptize the dying, and on Sundays preside over the assemblies in remote chapels, of which they are the caretakers. Their apostolate is as manifold as it is meritorious and fruitful; in a word, they are the real acting force of the missionary.

And while these valuable assistants to priestly work can be supported for not much more than a dollar a week, Fr. Hallam, like most Catholic missionaries, must limit their service because of a lean purse.

Our Scotch friend in Hu-Chow, Fr. Andrew McArdle, is very much alive in spite of hard times. In a recent letter he writes:

Your paper continues to be a most regular and welcome visitor. It is simply great! I cannot but repeat what I remarked before, that for a magazine of its nature, you have made *THE FIELD AFAR* such that it is likely to hold front rank for its newsy, chatty, humorous character, as also for its power to do good by helping not only the American Seminary, but the missions in general. Let me thank you most sincerely for the great pleasure you afford me by sending me this gem.

Here things are going on very well, in spite of all trouble. We have lost our pastor, who is soldiering at Tientsin, but with a little extra effort we manage to keep the flag flying. As to funds, well, you know what lack of money is. Our bishop cannot promise anything from Europe this year, as the amount received will be so much reduced by the war. However, there is a Providence watching over our interests, and I am convinced that we shall be able to keep up our work in the normal way. God will not neglect us. It will mean a struggle, but I am quite hopeful. Funds will come in from somewhere or other. Needless to say, we can't look forward to any advance or progress during this present crisis, at least any progress equal to that of previous years. It will be very good work if we keep up to the mark and lose nothing.

We have often heard that cases of demoniacal possession are not infrequent in pagan lands, and we are always interested to record the experiences of Catholic missionaries. This time it is a Chinese priest, Fr. Joseph Michael Ouang, who writes from a little place called Ping-hu, in West Chekiang.

Fr. Ouang's letter, written in Latin, has been translated for our readers. He says in part:

I was out on the missions for several weeks and by the grace of God I baptized several converts. Among them were two women who had been possessed by the devil. The spell came upon them at least three or four times a day and lasted a half-hour, if not more. During this time they spoke strangely, gesticulating so violently that they became exhausted.

I tried to make them invoke the name of Jesus, but they could not do it. When they heard me pronounce the word, in a low voice and in Latin, their whole bodies trembled. Finally, a blessed candle was brought, and as if understanding its significance, they attempted to extinguish it, but in vain.

After these women had been baptized, they were perfectly well and as sane as anybody. This is not the first time that I have witnessed such occurrences, and they are always the source of many conversions. The number of believers is increasing every day, but we have no means of strengthening their faith. We need good schools, both for children and for catechumens.

The war is doing not a little harm to the missions. May God give us peace as soon as possible!

Of the rest, I will write again;  
I salute you affectionately;  
My Christians salute you;  
I remain in Our Lord,

Your most humble servant,

JOSEPH MICHAEL OUANG.

Sr. O'Sullivan's latest letter gives further interesting details of her duties as night-watch in a Shanghai hospital:

As agreeable interludes at night I receive the accident cases—broken heads, people shot or run over by the tram—all stages of wreckage. I patch them up as best I can and the doctor finishes them in the morning—if they're alive.

All the dying are baptized conditionally; if they linger, they are instructed. It is very seldom that any one refuses baptism. If he does, he is sure to leave the hospital; he doesn't seem able to stay. I think it is a sign that

the devil has already secured such persons, as the Little Sisters of the Poor say the same thing—with them no one has ever died unbaptized.

I baptize my people for my friends, *i. e.*, I call them by their saints' names, and these Chinese must then, when they go to Heaven, pray for their namesakes on earth. I'll give you the next couple as *Josephs*. So you will have two more advocates topside.

We have another Irish priest (a Lazarist) in China. He has been placed in Ningpo, near Fr. Nugent. Things are looking up for Ireland lately. By the way, I am awfully proud to note your first priest's Irish name and the number of others figuring in the list of seminarians.

Have you seen our Burse-Cards? Each has a picture and each has a string of squares which, when filled, will look more attractive (to us at least) than a piece of embroidery.

I hope we shall soon see the end of this dreadful war and get back those of our missionaries who are not killed. I am sure that the eventual result in France will be an enormous increase in vocations, but for the moment the missions are paying dearly. We hear that there are nearly seven thousand of our Sisters at the front—on all sides—and our mother-house is turned into a hospital.



CORPUS CHRISTI AT CHEFOO.

(Photo sent by Sr. Bernardine.)

## INDIA.

From the Archdiocese of Madras, a missionary writes:

It is a pity that you have not priests to take the place of those who went to the front. In the diocese of Malacca there are forty-nine priests. Out of these, five are absent on leave and eleven are at the front. Such examples can be multiplied.

Brother Gabriel, who died some months ago at Dacca, was a native of Holland, but had spent a great part of his life in the United States. He was a member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross and after his course at Notre Dame University, taught for many years at St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, Ohio. Later he was instructor in Latin and Mathematics at the Catholic Central High School, Fort Wayne, Ind. Brother Gabriel left for India in September, 1913, and after only a short period of service on the missions, was called to his reward.

## INDO-CHINA.

Of more than ordinary interest is this letter from our friend of Hawthorne days, Fr. Cothonay, O.P., now Prefect-Apostolic in Tong-king:

I have just returned from a long journey to *Cao-Bang*, the second town of my prefecture. I was twenty-three days on the road. The first part of the way—by rail—was easy, and the second part was no less easy, for it was made by automobile—the only one in this high country. After that I traveled by water in a Chinese *sampan*, a boat about forty feet long, with a bamboo roof. Later I rode a poor horse, who complained that I was too heavy. When he complained too much, I went on foot, but I must confess that there was another reason for my walking—I was afraid of the precipices bordering the bridle path. I also drove over some portions of the route, when it was at all possible.

One evening I was surprised by the night, and to reach the military post, I had to drive for more than an hour in the darkness. On my arrival, the lieutenant, my host, told me that he had just given guns and cartridges to some natives, who were going to hunt a tiger seen near the road by which I had come. He added, "I have been to-

day a distance of some twenty miles from here, to make inquiry concerning a postman who was held up by Chinese pirates and robbed of his bag. Tomorrow you will pass over that road." Well, thank God, I saw neither tiger nor pirates.

On my return I took a different way, in order to visit a place called *Ta-Lung*, where we intend to establish an agricultural colony. To reach this town, I had to go down the river *Bang-Qiang*. There was no boat at hand, but a man agreed to convey me on a raft for eight dollars.

The raft was to be made of twelve bamboos, with a little platform and a roof, but when, on the eve of my departure, I went to see it, I found that the rascal had used only eleven bamboos. The platform was narrow and the roof low.

Then the man told me that it was necessary to postpone the trip, because the day selected for starting was an unlucky one. I protested, saying that I had the power of rendering every day in the year lucky. The poor pagan looked very serious and replied, "If you insist, we will go, but should a calamity happen, I won't be accountable for it."

The journey took thirteen hours and we went through more than a hundred rapids. When night came, I asked if we would arrive soon. "Only five rapids more," was the answer, "and we arrive." We landed in safety. I had left the raft but once, to pass the most dreadful of the rapids.

The mountains of this region are wonderful. They are granitic, formed by eruption in primitive times, when our planet was still boiling. On a space probably larger than France, they rise majestically, black, with a scanty vegetation up to the top. They form ridges, thrown across each other in the most fantastic way. In many places they are grouped in circles, enclosing small plains.

These flat spaces are inhabited by a primitive race called *Thô*, who differ from the Annamites and the Chinese in their language, features, and manners. Their little villages are scattered wherever there is a small plain or valley. I saw hundreds of such settlements and I came back sad because we have no Christians among them.

I don't know when we shall be able to evangelize all these people. In the immense territory that I covered, I found only two Christian centres, *Cao-Bang* and *Cao-Binh*, and even here there are so few Christians—about two hundred! I confirmed sixty-six of them. I did not pass through half of my prefecture, as there were no more Christians to visit, except a few in the military posts.

And I have only seven priests with me! This satanic war is killing the missionaries promised to me. O, if I had only one young American priest who would consent to cast his lot among our poor people! Often my heart is sick unto death when I see the needs of this mission and my powerlessness.



THE ONE REAL CHURCH IN FR. COTHONAY'S PREFECTURE.  
(Mission of *Cao-Bang*, Tong-king.)

### The Unpaid Tithe.

FATHER EDMUND turned wearily in at the white-pebbled path leading to the rectory. Ordinarily he would have stopped to examine lovingly his flowers, blooming luxuriously in their neatly arranged beds on the lawn, but to-day he had no interest in the fresh life about him and the soft, balmy air had no effect on his tired soul.

He had just come from the hospital, where Lawrence Kearny lay seriously ill. Yes, Lawrence whom he had loved as a son, Lawrence whose once fine soul he had guided almost to the priesthood, Lawrence whose intellectual pride had led him to apostasy and atheism, was dying, the doctors said, and he had refused to listen to the priest's appeal for reconciliation with God.

It seemed more than Fr. Edmund could bear, and the final link in the chain of events which made him feel that, after all, his life-work was a failure. In the last three or four years he had seen several of the young people—whom he had himself baptized—lost to the faith through mixed marriages. The sodalities were no longer a pride to him; their one-time fervor was gone. To be sure, there were the faithful ones, old and young, but too many were weaned by worldly pleasures from the devotions that had formerly been dear to them.

When he spoke to his fellow-pastors who were experiencing similar trials, they laid it to 'the spirit of the age,' a 'restlessness' that would pass. But that didn't satisfy Father Edmund. The Church had always had a weapon

to counteract every evil in her ranks, and he felt that he ought to discover one for his present great need.

Fr. Edmund sat down to look over his letters with one disquieting question tugging at his brain, "What am I failing to do?" The mail was uninteresting,—bills, receipts, advertisements, and appeals which he tossed aside half-read, till his attention was caught by one from a foreign mission seminary.

It outlined its object briefly and asked for at least prayerful co-operation in its work for the souls that knew not Christ, assuring him it was a well-known fact that parishes where the foreign mission spirit was fostered, were signally blessed by God, and reminding him that the command to "preach the Gospel to every creature" was as imperative to-day as in the time of the Apostles. Fr. Edmund read it a second time. It was a striking appeal, but it followed the others into the waste-basket and he turned to the pile of parish work that had accumulated.

Soon, however, this, too, was abandoned, for thoughts of the sick boy's misery and of his other trials drove all else before them, and to increase his restlessness, the arguments of the foreign mission appeal kept bobbing up in a most disconcerting manner.

Was it true that co-operation with mission work brought blessings to a parish? And—the next question followed quite logically—could it be possible that failure to co-operate in it, withdrew God's mercy in some measure?

The late hours of the night

found Fr. Edmund, alone in his room, still trying to get at the root of his troubles and frequently turning to the mission problem.

His thoughts flew back over the years. He recalled more than one cry for help from foreign mission organizations, to which he had turned a deaf ear. He remembered, too, an occasional bearded missionary to whom he had felt obliged to refuse the privilege of gathering crumbs from his parish table.

Why had he done so? Because love for his people and a desire to spare them made him unwilling to subject them to any extra burdens. But the need to 'spare' them had long since passed. The church property was without debt and collections were rare. His personal charities were many—and he acknowledged to himself in this moment that he had taken no little pride in keeping outside appeals away from the parish.

And what had been the result? He began to wonder if, in confining his efforts solely to his parishioners, and theirs to the parish church and themselves, he had brought up a generation of Catholics whose hearts, unwatered with the dew of sacrifice, were becoming parched with self-love.

The familiar precepts of the Gospel cried out to him now with a different meaning. "Feed my sheep."—"Other sheep I have, that are not of this fold; them also I must bring."—"Going, teach all nations." Fr. Edmund had seen these sheep only in his straying children. The 'teaching of the nations' was left to others. Not once in his thirty years of priestly life had he con-

sidered the heathen as part of the flock for which he was responsible. He had prayed for them—that was all.

And then came a startling memory. Lawrence had two or three times in his seminary days expressed a desire to go to the foreign missions and Fr. Edmund had strongly discouraged



TO THE FOLD OF THE SHEPHERD.

the idea, telling the boy he was too bright to be thus buried.

Poor Fr. Edmund! Had he possibly sown the germ of pride that led Lawrence Kearny so far from grace? Had he also been making his parishioners selfish? He suddenly felt a responsibility for Lawrence's downfall and the indifference of so many others seemed thrown back on himself. It was a new light on his soul and it would not pass.

Fr. Edmund went early into the church the next morning, to offer

to God the world-wide heart of a true priest, and having said Mass for Lawrence, hurried to the hospital.

What divine miracle was wrought in the sick man's chamber could only be guessed by the radiant light on Fr. Edmund's face when he turned in again at the white-pebbled path leading to the rectory. He had left Lawrence ready and eager to meet his God, and he found himself, quickened with a new sense of heathen claims upon his charity, thanking God for the opportunity that lay before him to strengthen the spiritual life of his parish by holding before it the apostolic ideals. *Maryknoll, June, 1915.*

\* \* \*  
WE counted recently one month's spiritual contributions to our work, with this splendid result. The figures will interest our benefactors, since they share in these offerings:

Mass Attendance .....	645
Communions .....	414
Visits to the Blessed Sacrament .....	725
Rosaries .....	566
Ejaculations .....	36,475
Daily Labor .....	663
Daily Trials .....	130
Stations of the Cross .....	195
Abstinences .....	36
Alms to any Cause.....	85

Our *Apostles' Aid* idea is purely spiritual. We welcome the offering of prayers, Masses, Communions, and sacrifices, little or great, for our work; and we believe that much of the success already obtained is due to these silent and powerful influences, attracting the Holy Ghost to this enterprise for souls. Here is an example of the *Apostles' Aid*:

In my daily labor and prayers I always have an intention for you and your work, as well as for those for whom you are toiling. But as I often break particular promises, I will have a Mass offered annually for your work and that will be more than all my efforts.

### The Perpetual Associate Idea.

A STRUGGLING convert, once a minister, is sending us an occasional installment towards a Perpetual Associate Membership (fifty dollars). He asks prayers for the conversion of his wife and family, and other prayers for himself. He deserves many, and we hope that you, dear reader, will remember his needs to-day.

Catholics are sometimes chided for not taking better care of their cemeteries. We note with satisfaction an ever-increasing effort to make these cities of the dead respectable and attractive, as they should be, but we remind those who are critically disposed, that Catholics are especially concerned about the *souls* of their departed.

Every priest has daily evidence of the strong desire of the faithful to help their dead and we are pleased to publish in this issue a recently gathered list of our

#### Perpetual Memorial Associates:

Rt. Rev. D. O'Callaghan	Mrs. Eliza Malone
Rev. John D. Colbert	Alice Marie
Rev. Thomas J. McCormick	Ellen McMahon
Rev. T. Nugent	Alexander McQuirk
Rev. Edward Walsh	Louise Metcalf
Rev. Elias Younan, C.S.P.	Michael Morrison
Annie Ahearn	Mrs. Murphy
W. H. Bagshaw	John O'Brien
Rose Billings	O'Donnell Family
Mrs. Ellen Bligh	Alice Pendergast
Cora K. Burke	James Pendergast
Mrs. M. Callagy	Thomas Power
Eleanor L. Corr	Mrs. Ellen Power
Mrs. Curran	Deborah Quigley
William Donovan	Mary Smith
Mary Everett	C. E. Stanley
Annie Fallon	Mrs. A. Stanton
Patrick Fallon	Mrs. Mary Ward
Mary Gibbons	Mrs. M. J. Madden
Higgins Family	Deceased Pastors
Dr. E. Hogan	and Parishioners
Mary B. Hughes	of Elizabeth, Pa.
Mrs. Ellen Keegan	
Annie Mackay	
Mrs. M. J. Madden	
Mrs. Mary Maguire	
Maurice Mahoney	

**FIFTY DOLLARS** will secure a Perpetual Associate Membership, applicable to the living or to the dead.

### Invasion of the Knoll.

ONE of these days "Maryknoll" will be on the map, at least on the automobile maps. Our half-prepared cinder-roads are quite accustomed now to anything from the clumsy, high-wheeled, iron-tired ark that brings our daily bread out of White Plains, to the more decent machines of New York folk and the 'eminently' respectable car of our fatherly Cardinal.

We hardly dare to mention our own "Tin Lizzie," but, to be honest—for a change—our roads are very fond of the little, unpretentious machine that leaks oil and water on them occasionally and from its wagon-box is liable to drop any kind of present, from a bottle of ink to a banana.

Not all roads lead to Maryknoll but several do, as good friends, actual and prospective, are gradually discovering. While the new grass was at its choicest, dustless shade, two groups motored up from New York, both on the same day. One represented the Women's Auxiliary for Catholic Foreign Missions, organized to help our students; the other was a committee of the Manhattanville (N. Y.) Sacred Heart Convent Alumnae.

The guests numbered about thirty, all women. Our professors, bashful by nature and grace, retired while the New York splendor hung over the Knoll, but in anticipation of this, Dr. Chidwick, who survived the sinking of the Maine, and the prison chaplain at Sing Sing had been invited. Neither could come, but a seasoned spirit from Dunwoodie tided us safely over a period that is pleasantly recalled.

Since then we have been honored by a visit from—

Rt. Rev. Austin Dowling, D.D., Bishop of Des Moines, Iowa;

Rt. Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of New York;

Very Rev. Monsignor Luke J. Evers, of New York;

Rev. William E. Cashin, Chap-

lain at Sing Sing Prison (now a hospital);

Rev. Thomas J. Lynch, Supervisor of Catholic Correction Work.

The two last-named priests came on a purely unofficial visit, as did also—

Justice Victor Dowling, of the Appellate Division;

The Hon. W. Bourke Cochran; Mr. William P. Larkin, New York State Deputy, K. of C.

No, President Wilson has not been up yet, but we expect His Eminence Cardinal Farley one of these fine days and we shall all be very glad to see him, because we owe constant encouragement and hearty support to this prince of the Church, with the world-wide heart.

Some of the village fathers at Ossining have also been looking in on us, and we need not enumerate but will not overlook a swarm of contractors, great and small, and a little Italian army.

But however often we are disturbed during the day by the whirr of autos, and now by the hammering of stones, the Knoll at sunset and in the early morning is deli-

**A MODERN MARTYR**  
sells for fifty cents.  
Postage ten cents extra.

**An American Missionary in Alaska**

(Fr. Judge, S.J.)

Price 50 cts. Postage 12 cts. extra.  
Address: THE FIELD AFAR  
Ossining New York

ciously peaceful, or serenely delightful, as you wish.

We live on what is known to the villagers below as Sunset Hill, and the place is well-named. The railway engines and the Hudson River boats are too far away to be saucy, and the poultry, though within a safe distance, is unusually well trained. To some one who has leisure—it must be a visitor and an invalid at that—we leave the opportunity to describe the still beauty of Maryknoll.

To change the subject rather abruptly, we have a new piggery, and the proud possessor is our red-headed 'porkeress' with her live sausages. The piggery was designed by Brother Hennery, who also supervised and participated in the excavating and cement work. The dirt flies wherever



A PASTURE LOT AT MARYKNOLL.

(Land selling to friends at one cent a foot.)

*Brother Hennery* appears, and an extra Italian who was his co-laborer for a day, has not yet revived. *The next best thing to working hard yourself is to make the other fellow work harder than yourself*, is *Brother Hennery's* principle. If you, dear reader,



WEEDING—STILL WEEDING.

wish to be the donor of our pig-gery, there is a fine chance. The treasurer could not refuse permission to build it, or at least to start it, but he confesses that he does not know when or how he will pay for it.

We once had a friend—we have him yet and we are very fond of him—who, like many Americans, talked in superlatives. He was always making some improvement in his country home (he had no other) and one day when he came to our city residence (*we* had no other), he began to enthuse over a "lovely" pig-pen.

Ours is not lovely, but it will be solid and clean.

And before we leave the subject of pigs, we would remind our more fastidious friends that to some very respectable people 'pigs is not always pigs.' A recent visitor of the feminine persuasion,

Look for the expiration date on your *Field Afar* envelope.

who has rolled up a good-sized income from the clever handling of dainty things, declares that she 'just dotes on pigs,' and she does not mean dead ones. If you aspire to a place in royal society, therefore, cultivate pigs, as our *Brother Hennery* is doing.

The village authorities have graciously given us permission to connect all buildings at Maryknoll with the public sewer. We shall have to pay something for the privilege—a matter of two hundred dollars—and we must dig a ditch four feet deep and about fourteen hundred feet long, in order to get to the village line.

Now how in the name of Reginald can we ask for contributions to such a monument, the grave of a sea-serpent! And yet don't you see that we ought to take so good an opportunity to settle once for all a difficult problem? Oh, if you were rich! Well, don't worry. A day's wages for one Italian (\$1.75) will be a help, if you feel inclined to do us the favor.

Finally, while we are throwing out gentle hints which may never

get to a head—or a heart—we are preparing to fight the lightning that cometh forth from the West and following the Hudson River, doth some very sprightly dancing over our much-exposed hills. We have been studying the problem and about three hundred and fifty dollars will solve it so certainly that if it doesn't, the amount will be returned to us and by us to the donor. And this is neither a patent medicine advertisement nor a golden *briquette*.

"Has any one built a garage for the 'Tin Lizzie?'" asks a facetious clerical friend, who hasn't a dollar to his name on the last day of the month. *No*. Its place at present is next to the tip-cart in our barn.

THE Vénard boys are between two fires. They 'want to go home,' as does every normal boy, and they don't like to leave Maryknoll. There is a strong probability, however, that none of them will have to be *forced* out when the end of June comes, and we shall be sorry to lose their company and the sound of their happy voices.

The master-mechanic among



THE VÉNARD APOSTOLICS WITH ONE OF OUR AUXILIARIES.

them, who has made a table that would do credit to a graduate from Sing Sing (we take examples from near home when we can), has succeeded in putting our "Tin Lizzie" in such good running order that she now climbs the hill on schedule time, with no machinist's charges to face. He has done his work so well that we are tempted to keep him with us for the summer.

The *Vénards* take a long walk occasionally. Some of them had one recently, when they found themselves, just a half-hour before supper-time, eight miles from Maryknoll, with the rain beating a lively tattoo. They were near a railway station and there were trains to Ossining, but these improvident youths could scrape together only enough money to telephone and ask one of our seniors what to do.

Were they told to hire an automobile and have it paid for at this end? Perhaps you think so, you indulgent elders, but they arrived home safely on shank's mares, hungry, tired, wet, and richer in experience. The *Vénards*, you know, are being trained for the firing line and they are apt subjects.

#### Free Scholarships.

If you wish to establish, or to help establish, a free scholarship for Maryknoll or for our Apostolic School, see pages 94-95.

WE cannot guarantee all kinds of material success to those who help the cause in which we are engaged, but it is pleasant to note the following significant letter, which proves again that St. Joseph is a very good provider:

I have been requested by Mr. — to procure for him six cards for St. Joseph's Bursar. Will you kindly mail them to him? He wishes me to tell you that he received the largest order (he is a salesman) he ever received, the morning after he sent the dollar for his first St. Joseph Bursar-Card.

#### A Practical Suggestion.

TWO priests of the Far West, strangers to each other and both advanced in years, wrote to us over a year ago and asked if we would take the few thousand dollars they possessed (five thousand each), giving them a yearly interest of 5 per cent. (\$250), and applying the principal, after their death, to our own needs.

After consulting our incorporators, we willingly assented, and since then several persons, including Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, have each sent us a thousand dollars under the same conditions.

If this idea appeals to you—it has obvious advantages—please read the agreement, which practically makes you the executor of your own will:



#### ANNUITY AGREEMENT.

AGREEMENT made this .....first.....day of.....June 1915...  
between THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.,  
and ..... John Blank.....  
of.....(City or Town).....(State).....  
(Name).....John Blank.....  
agrees to give, and hereby does give to THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN..  
MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC., the sum of.....  
.....One Thousand.....Dollars...(\$ 1000.).....and  
THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.,.....  
herely acknowledges to have received from .....  
.....John Blank..... the sum of ....One Thousand.....  
.....Dollars, (\$1000.), the principal..  
and income of this gift to be the absolute property of said ..  
Society; and in consideration of this payment and for other  
valuable considerations THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF  
AMERICA, INC., agrees to pay..... John Blank.....  
during his lifetime..... Fifty.....Dollars  
(\$50.).....per annum, payable semi-annually in January and  
July of each year.

Seal of  
The Catholic Foreign  
Mission Society of America (Inc.)

Signatures  
of  
Contracting Parties.

OUR LEGAL TITLE:  
CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY  
OF AMERICA, INCORPORATED.

WE thank a friend from Lawrence, Mass., for the *Spiritual Bouquet Memorial* idea, which is excellent and which later we may help to spread.

We heard some time ago of an ecclesiastical student who spent his holidays at the seminary, using his vacation money for foreign missions.

Lately we came across a similar example. This time it was a professor, a converted minister, who sent us ten dollars but could not afford to go home for his holiday rest.

If this work inspires such a spirit of self-sacrifice, it must be a helpful influence in an age that is running rapidly to self-indulgence and luxury.

\* \*

#### A Request.

MANY of our readers pray for our work and we are grateful. We ask them to remember also our benefactors, living and dead, and to pray to-day for the souls of:

Rev. C. Thompson  
Rev. James B. Troy  
Rev. W. B. Meenan  
Sr. M. Vincent  
Sr. M. Catherine  
Sr. Admirabilis  
Sr. Etienne  
Mrs. Sarah Devlin  
Mrs. M. McGowan  
Mrs. E. O'Donnell  
Dr. Ed. J. Hogan  
Charles Beckert  
Mrs. A. Burgmeier  
Mrs. M. Sullivan  
Wm. G. Starrett  
Mrs. Mary Coyne  
Mary A. Conroy  
Mrs. E. McCarthy  
Mrs. Bridget Kraft  
Charles Coyle  
Mr. McKenney  
John Ryan  
Peter J. Smith  
Mrs. Bridget Foley  
Marie C. Grunning  
Mrs. Patrick Gagen

## The Monthly Tally.



**DINNY DUNNY**  
—alias Din Dun  
—is the name of a youngster whom we occasionally send on Uncle Sam's vehicles of transit to our backward subscribers. We haven't trotted him out lately, although he enjoyed a gratifying reception on all his former trips. His clothes were worn off his back and traveling expenses were considerable, for very few thought to give him anything for himself. So we are giving him a rest.

But we are printing on the FIELD AFAR jacket the expiration date of your subscription. If, therefore, you haven't thrown it away, look on that paper garment and if it says *June*, please take a little shake and go through the various exercises incidental to providing us with the wherewithal to pay our printers, engravers, envelope suppliers, post-office authorities, etc., etc. Our troubles are worse than yours, at least in regard to our paper.

New subscriptions received since last issue:

Ordinary .....143  
Associate .....155

When you speak of our 'dear little paper,' be sure to say that it is only fifty cents a year. You may leave it to us to make it a little dearer.

Not infrequently we may 'learn from the enemy.' A Connecticut friend writes:

One day when I was traveling on the train, a man handed me a copy of the *Menace* and another publication equally as vile. This gave me an idea. Lately I have been traveling quite a little, and I take a copy of THE FIELD AFAR along and leave it for some one to read. I hope a few people will become interested enough to subscribe. At least they will learn of Maryknoll.

Good results are bound to come when our readers help us to spread THE FIELD AFAR as does the Boston friend who writes:

I enclose four names of probable subscribers, also stamps to cover the postage for sample copies. I have written to my friends and I hope they will all become as interested as I am.

I give my old copies as rewards in Sunday School. The children had never seen or heard of THE FIELD AFAR. They enjoy the paper and the privilege of taking it home.

A newspaper friend, enclosing payment for ten ordinary subscriptions, expresses his opinion that we cannot afford to charge only fifty cents a year for twelve issues of THE FIELD AFAR.

There is something in what our friend says, and many subscribers have associated themselves with our work by sending regularly one dollar.

But we still claim that we do not lose on our ordinary subscriptions, and we are always glad of an opportunity to secure more. Many ordinary subscribers, by co-operation, aid us materially.

We have rooms dedicated to:

St. Joseph	Our Lady of Lourdes
St. Paul	Our Lady of Perpetual Help
St. Thomas	Mary Immaculate
St. Francis Xavier	St. Mary Magdalen
St. James	St. Anne
Bl. Theophane Vénard	Holy Souls
St. Cecilia	St. Lawrence
St. Agnes	Cenacle

This means that benefactors have been found for sixteen rooms, including the refectory (The Cenacle).

Fifty dollars will furnish a room, and even at this stage of our development we can name about ten more rooms, among them those occupied by the priests.

The Field Afar will be sent for one year to any one address:

10 copies (12 issues) for \$4.00
25 " " " 10.00
50 " " " 20.00
100 " " " 40.00

## THE START OF A FUND.

A fund which we believe will appeal to not a few among our readers has been started by a venerable priest-benefactor and will be known as the

*Foreign Mission Educational Fund.*

The purpose of the fund, which begins with two hundred dollars, is to educate American Catholic opinion to the foreign mission idea. This will be done by sending out the printed word to people not yet interested.

Another fund which we hope some day to see, will be known as the

*Prize Fund*

and will be used to offer prizes and premiums to Catholic seminaries, colleges, and schools, for the best essays on the subject of Catholic Foreign Missions.

## THE FOUNDATION ROLL.

A burse or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

## COMPLETED BURSES.

The Cardinal Farley Burse \$5,000.  
The Sacred Heart Memorial Burse ..... 5,000.  
The Boland Memorial Burse 6,000.  
The Blessed Sacrament Burse 5,000.  
\*The St. Willibrord Burse... 5,000.  
The Providence Diocese Burse 5,002.  
The Fr. Elias Younan Burse 5,000.  
The Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse ..... 5,000.

## PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSES.

Towards Cheverus Centennial School Burse.....\*\$3,109.50  
Towards St. Teresa Burse.. 2,022.50  
Towards Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse..... 1,893.43  
Towards St. Joseph Burse.. 1,656.75  
Towards All Souls Burse... 1,586.04  
Towards the A. M. D. G. Memorial Burse..... 1,502.00  
Towards Father B. Burse...\*1,054.00  
Towards Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse..... 961.00  
Towards Holy Child Jesus Burse ..... 958.76  
Towards St. Patrick Burse.. 954.75  
Towards Little Flower of Jesus Burse (for Scranton) 764.08  
Towards Holy Ghost Burse 449.54  
Towards Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse..... 408.50

\*On hand but not operative.

Towards St. Stephen Burse	\$342.00
Towards St. Columba Burse	303.50
Towards Unnamed Memorial Burse	252.71
Towards Pius X. Burse....	241.00
Towards St. Anthony Burse	221.55
Towards St. Lawrence Burse	162.00
Towards St. Francis Xavier Burse	161.71
Towards St. John the Baptist Burse	119.00
Towards St. Boniface Burse	105.00
Towards J. M. F. Compound Interest Burse.....	100.00
Towards St. Francis of Assisi Burse.....	72.75
Towards All Saints Burse..	68.05
Towards St. Rita Burse....	24.00
Towards St. Dominic Burse	16.75
Towards St. Paul Burse....	2.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

#### GIFTS IN KIND.

Skin of snow-wolf (for museum) from Bishop Eestermans, Lahore, India; missal from Rev. Friend, Pa.; 2 cassocks from Rev. Friend, N. Y.; biretta from Friend; 2 painted panels from Sisters of Charity, Pekin, China; 2 missals and box of altar linens from Sisters of Charity, Saugerties, N. Y.; box of curios from S. P. F., N. Y.; galvanic and faradic battery from Dr. C. P., Portland, Ore.; bicycle from C. D., New York City.

#### U. S. MONEY RECEIPTS.

STATE	OFFERINGS	AMOUNT
Alabama	1	\$1.45
California	12	30.00
Connecticut	19	44.25
District of Columbia	1	50.00
Indiana	2	2.00
Iowa	1	1.00
Louisiana	1	2.00
Maine	4	36.00
Maryland	4	9.00
Massachusetts	160	2,407.73*
Michigan	2	7.00
Minnesota	4	6.35
Missouri	4	3.44
New Hampshire	4	13.00
New Jersey	11	46.00
New York	32	1,301.06
Ohio	4	31.25
Pennsylvania	27	89.15
Rhode Island	23	128.85
Wisconsin	1	2.50

\*Includes \$2,000 annuity. See page 93.

#### FOREIGN RECEIPTS.

Africa	1	\$2.00
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A dollar in nickels arrived recently from an anonymous benefactor.

#### PRIESTLY AID.

Two cassocks came lately from a New York priest. They 'just fitted' two of the Vénard youngsters, who will be permitted to use them occasionally.

Another bicycle has come to us, from New York, through Monsignor Dunn. Perhaps after a while we shall have a bicycle corps, so that long walks may be supplemented occasionally by long rides.

A Joseph—a priest, too—sending an addition to our *St. Joseph Burse*, writes, "What is the matter with the clerical *Josephs*, anyway?" The fault isn't theirs, Father. We have been neglecting them.

Use our stamps to seal your envelopes.

A Western priest, taking out a Life Associate Membership for himself, sends his offering in honor of Blessed Theophane Vénard, of whom he thoughtfully writes, "I hope to see him canonized and I pray for it daily." Add your prayers to those of this devoted priest.

Priests are especially good to us and some from whom we had never heard until lately, have sent us letters like this:

My non-subscription to your paper was entirely unintentional and I thank you for prodding my good-will and my pocket-book. Some time I hope to be able to help you in a more substantial way, for I have always believed in and admired foreign missions. From the bottom of my heart I wish you the success of the Apostles.

#### Just de Bretenières.

THE Life of Just de Bretenières, Martyr of Korea, has been placed in our hands by its Editor, Monsignor Dunn, and we have arranged with him to cut its price in two, so that our friends may the more easily possess themselves of copies.

It was our privilege to visit the castle-home of Just de Bretenières at Dijon, France, and to meet his



CHRISTIAN DE BRETENIÈRES,  
THE BROTHER OF A MARTYR.

priestly brother, Christian, who died only a few years ago. We also knew a saintly priest in Boston, the late Fr. Barbier, S. M., who was personally acquainted with this young modern martyr.

Read the book and keep a copy for your friends. Its new and lowest possible price is fifty cents, with postage ten cents extra.

Our sealing stamps sell for ten cents a dozen.

The Field Afar has no agents and desires none unless they are highly recommended by their pastor and work with his approval. This does not, however, prevent our readers from securing subscribers among their friends. It is, in fact, by this means especially, that our circulation has grown.



DOING PRETTY WELL, THANK  
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#### HOW THE LAND STANDS.

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